

# SHEPHERDSTOWN REGISTER.

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JOHN H. ZITTLE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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NO. 40.

## THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

Tread lightly--'tis a soldier's grave,  
A lonely, mossy mound--  
And yet, to hearts like mine and thine  
It should be holy ground.

Speak softly--let no careless laugh,  
No idle, thoughtless jest,  
Escape your lips, where sweetly sleeps  
The hero in his rest.

For him no reveille shall beat  
When morning beams shall come;  
For him, at night, no tattoo rolls  
Its thunder from the drum.

No costly marble marks the place  
Recording deeds of fame,  
But rudely on that bending tree  
Is carved the soldier's name.

A name--not dear to us--but ah!  
There may be lips that breathe  
That name as sacredly and low  
As vesper prayers at eve.

There may be brows that wear for him  
The mourning cypress vine;  
And hearts that make this lonely grave  
A holy pilgrim shrine.

There may be eyes that joined to gaze  
With love into his own,  
Now keeping midnight vigils long  
With silent grief alone.

There may be hands now clasped in prayer  
This soldier's hand has pressed;  
And cheeks washed pale by sorrow's tears  
His own cold cheek caressed.

Tread lightly for a man bequeathed,  
Ere laid beneath this sod,  
His ashes to his native land,  
His gallant soul to God!

## A STORY FOR HUSBANDS.

HOW MRS. KEITH MANAGED.

"Man's work is from sun to sun, but woman's work is never done," quoted Mrs. Keith. She had just finished her work for the day, everything was tidied, and she was taking up her sewing, when Mr. Keith upset a vinegar bottle, and a bowl of gravy in the kitchen cupboard, rummaging after his knife, which was in his pocket all the time. Mrs. Keith relinquished her idea of a little season of quiet, and went out to set matters in order again. Mr. Keith followed to oversee her--a habit some men have.

"I wish you would try to be a little more careful, Henry. You do not realize how many things I have to see to."

"Humph!" said Mr. Keith, sitting down in a basket of fresh mowed clothes; "I never would complain of such a thing as that! I didn't know I should think all the women were in slavery."

"And you would be correct, Henry. You haven't the faintest idea--"

"Nonsense, Mary! Why I could do your work and three times as much more and get through by ten o'clock."

"Could you, indeed?"

"To be sure, if you would only give me the chance of it."

"You shall have it," said Mrs. Keith, quietly. "I have long wanted to visit my Aunt Susan. I will now do so and you may keep house. I shall have to cook up something--"

"As if I couldn't cook! You will do nothing of the kind, Mary. I shall live like a prince, and you will see how nicely I will keep everything. You will hardly know the house when you return."

"I dare say," remarked Mrs. Keith; but when called to go.

"To-morrow, if you like."

"And are you sure you can manage?"

"Sure!" what a look he gave her; "You shall see."

Mrs. Keith laughed a little to herself when her husband left her at the depot, and turned her footsteps homeward to clear the breakfast things and prepare dinner. She only wished she could be there invisible and see him manage.

"Let me see," soliloquized Keith, entering the kitchen; "I'll wash the dishes first and I'll put one of Mary's dresses on to keep me clean."

He fastened it around his waist with a pin, rolled up his sleeves and looked about him. The fire was out, but after much trouble he succeeded in rekindling it, and then began the dishes.

He took them to the sink, plugged up the spout, and put them to soak in a pail of cold water.

"There, they're washed," said he to himself; "now for something to wipe them on. I'll take the table cloth. Such a fuss as women do make about work. Why, I could wash all the dishes in the neighborhood in half a day. This steam pan smells of grease. I wonder what the matter with it? There, I've got some sapon on my hand! there it goes on that china saucer, deuce take it! I wish

there was no soap; hello, there's one plate gone to smash! Oh, there goes the cream pitcher! And I've stepped into the potato dish that I set on the floor to dry, and that's gone to the shades. Never mind; accidents will happen! I guess I'll trim the lamps next; mother always trimmed the lamps in the morning. Confound them; how black the chimneys are!"

Thus conversing with himself, Mr. Keith put the chimneys into the basin, and cogitated a moment. He had heard it said that boiling water was cleansing. So he scalded the chimneys, and the result was a hundred different pieces to each chimney.

"Good gracious!" he cried, "who'd have thought it! There's somebody at the door. I'll step out as I am. It can't be anybody that I care for so early as this."

A small boy presented himself, eyeing Keith with ill-suppressed laughter.

"Be you the mistress of the house?"

"Yes--that is, I am the master," said Mr. Keith, with dignity; "what can I do for you?"

"Nothing, I guess; man sent me over to see if you--that is, if the mistress of the house would take care of the baby while she goes shopping."

"No!" roared Keith, "I've other fish to fry."

The boy put his thumb to his nose, and Mr. Keith, after slamming the door, as men always do when they are out of temper, returned to the kitchen. The fire was out, and the room decidedly smoky.

"I'll go down to the cellar and bring up some coal," said he.

And he started briskly down the stairs. On the second step he put his foot into a rip in his dress, stumbled and fell to the bottom of the cellar, smashing a basket of eggs, and knocking over a shelf loaded with pans of milk.

"Deuce take it!" said he, scrambling to his feet, and rubbing his head, "how do women manage with these infernal long dresses? I shall break my neck with this yet!"

The fire made again, Mr. Keith thought him of dinner. He looked at the time-piece; it was one o'clock--almost time for dinner. What should he have dinner? He had heard his wife say that a rice pudding was easily made; he would have a rice pudding, and boiled potatoes, and broiled steak.

He filled a basin with rice, stirred in a little sugar, dropped in an egg, and set the vessel into the oven. The potatoes he washed in soap suds, that they certainly might be clean, and put them in the tea kettle because they would boil quicker.

The steam was frizzling in the frying pan; he was proceeding to set the table when the door bell rang. He caught the pan from the fire to keep it from burning, and made haste to the front door. Then he remembered it would not be just the thing to go to the door with a frying pan in his hand, so he deposited it on the parlor sofa, and answered the ring.

Mrs. Dr. Mudge was on the steps, dressed in her best.

"Yes!--dare--say," stammered out Keith, my wife is absent, and I am the Bridget."

Mrs. Mudge sailed into the parlor, which was darkened to exclude the sun, and without stopping to look at her seat, sunk into the frying pan on the sofa.

"Jupiter!" cried Mr. Keith, "you've done it now."

Mrs. Mudge sprang up, the grease dripping from her rich silk dress on the carpet. Her face grew dark. She was about to fly into a passion, but controlled herself, bowed haughtily and left the house.

Keith returned to the kitchen a little crest fallen, for Mrs. Mudge was a lady before whom he desired to appear particularly well.

There was a tremendous cracking in the oven. He thought of his pudding and looked in. The burnt rice had hopped all over the oven; the basin had melted apart, and the pudding was not done. He shut the door on the ruins in disgust, and looked after his potatoes only to find them boiled to a perfect jelly. And just as he made the discovery there was a sharp peal at the door bell.

"Creation! there's that abominable bell again. I wish folks would stay at home--I'll lock all the doors, and cut all the bell-wires after to-day."

At the door he found Mr. and Mrs. Fidget and the children.

"My dear Mr. Keith, how do you do?" cried Mrs. Fidget. "We were in town and thought we'd stop in to dinner. Where is Mrs. Keith?"

"She's gone away," said Mr. Keith, ruefully, wondering what he should feed them on; "walk in, do, I am the house-keeper to-day."

"Yes, so I should judge. But of course, you make a splendid one. I remember you used to be telling Mrs. Keith and myself how easy housekeeping must be. It must be mere play to you. Don't put yourself about, I beg you."

"Put myself about indeed!" cried Keith retreating to the kitchen. "Good

gracious what shall I do? I'd give a hundred dollars if Mary was only here."

He drew out the table and set it without any cloth; then took off the plates and put on the cloth--the very one he had wiped the dishes on. The task completed he put on some more potatoes, and some more steak; burned the steak to a cinder; took off his potatoes when he did his meat, and put them all upon the table. There was a loaf of baker's bread in the cupboard; he paraded that and called his guests to dinner.

A quizzical smile spread over Mrs. Fidget's face at the sight of the repast. Keith was in a cold perspiration.

"Ma, my plate's all greasy, and so's my knife; I can't eat on dirty dishes," cried little Johnny Fidget.

"And my fork is wet all over with water that's dripping off the table cloth; and my tater ain't half boiled," cried little Sue Fidget.

A slight noise in the kitchen drew the attention of Mr. Keith.

"Jupiter!" cried he, "if Mrs. O'Flaherty's dog ain't making off with my steak!"

He jumped from the table and started in hot pursuit. The dog made the best of it; Keith's unaccustomed attire was a sad drawback, and he made but little headway.

"Kill him," he yelled to the crowd that joined in the pursuit. "I'll give fifteen dollars for his hide."

Mrs. O'Flaherty herself appeared on the scene, with a skillet of hot water.

"Tch him if ye dare!" she cried. "I'll break the bones of every mother's son of ye. Stand from fornist or ye'll rue the day."

Keith took a step forward; stepped on his skirt and pitched head first into a wine cellar, where a half a dozen men were playing cards.

"The devil in petticoats," exclaimed one gambler, and the place was emptied quicker than a wink.

The police picked up Mr. Keith considerably bruised, and carried him home. His company had taken their departure, and somebody, not having the fear of the law upon them, had entered and stolen a hundred dollars' worth of property.

Then Mr. Keith sent the following note:

DEAR MARY:--Come home, I give up beat. A woman does have a great deal to do. I confess myself incompetent to manage. Come home and you shall have a new silk dress and a daughter of Erin to divide your labors.

Yours, faithfully,  
H. KEITH.

Your Mother.

Speak kindly to your mother, and ever courteously, tender of her. But a little time and you shall see her no more forever. Her eye is dim, her form is bent, and her shadow falls grave-ward. Others may love you when she is past away, a kind-hearted sister, perhaps, or a kind-hearted brother; or one whom, of all the world, you choose for a partner, may love you fondly; but never again, while time is yours, shall the love of one be to you as that of your old trembling mother has been.

In agony she bore you; through pining, helpless infancy, her throbbing breast has been your safe protection and support; in your wayward childhood she bore patiently with your thoughtless rudeness, and nursed you through a legion of ills and maladies. Her hand it was that bathed your burning brow or moistened your parched lips; her eye that lighted up the darkness of wasting nightly vigils, watching always in your fretful sleep. Oh, speak not her name lightly, for you cannot live so many years as would suffice to thank her fully. Speak gently, then, to your mother; and when you too shall be old, it shall in some degree lighten the remorse which will be yours for other sins, that never wantonly have you forgotten the respect due to your mother.

Widows vs. Maidens.

A Richmond paper says that young men are scarce in that city, and maidens and widows in search of husbands very plenty. The latter seem to be the most successful, and the editor pleading in behalf of the maidens, says:

"We do not think in view of the great scarcity of men, that it is fair for widows to marry the second time until all the young maidens have secured husbands. The Legislature ought to attend to this matter, and protect the interests of the young ladies, for without the aid of the legal enactments the widows are sure to play the grab game. They will therefore have to be restrained by the strong arm of the law, as was done in the early colonial history of Virginia when the House of Burgesses passed an act of the very character indicated. It was found that all the young men imported into the colony, were at once caught by the widows, by superior wiles and stratagems, and without any chance being allowed to the modest and retiring young maidens; so the Legislature took the matter in hand, and will have to do so again."

A canter gives ruddy cheeks; a de-canter ruddy noses.

## The Southern Dead.

We take pleasure in copying the following beautiful tribute to the Southern Dead from the Columbus (Georgia) Sun. Its suggestions are worthy of our heroic women. Let the ladies of the South at large, emulate a grand duty so worthily inaugurated;

COLUMBUS, GA., March 10, 1866.

Messrs. Editors: The ladies are now, and have been for several days, engaged in the sad but pleasant duty of ornamenting and improving that portion of the city cemetery sacred to the memory of our gallant Confederate dead, but we feel it an unfinished work unless a day be set apart annually for its special attention. We cannot raise monumental shafts, and inscribe thereon their many deeds of heroism, but we can keep alive the memory of the debt we owe them, by at least dedicating one day in each year to embellishing their humble graves with flowers. Therefore, we beg the assistance of the Press and the Ladies throughout the South, to us in our efforts to set apart a certain day to be observed from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, and be handed down through time as a religious custom of the country to wreath the grave of our martyred dead with flowers. (We would propose the 2d Wednesday in May, as at that time our land may be truly called the "land of flowers.") Let every city, town and village join in the pleasant duty; let it be like remembered, for the heroes of Manassas to those who expired amid the death throes of our hallowed cause. We will crown alike the honored resting places of the immortal Jackson in Virginia, Johnson of Shiloh, Cleburne in Tennessee, and the host of gallant privates who adorned our ranks--I did their duty, and all we owe our gratitude. Let the soldiers' graves, for that day, at least, be the Southern Mecca, to whose shrine her sorrowing women, like pilgrims, may annually bring their grateful hearts and floral offerings. And when we remember the thousands who were buried with them "marital clock around them," with our Christmas ceremony of interment for their beloved bodies, we would invoke the aid of the most thrilling eloquence throughout the land, to inaugurate this custom by delivering on the appointed day, this year, an eulogy on the unbending dead of our glorious Southern army. They died for their country. Whether their country had or had not the right to demand the sacrifice, is no longer a question of discussion with us. We leave that for the future nation to decide. That it was demanded, that they nobly responded, and fell holy sacrifices upon their country's altar, and are thereby entitled to their country's gratitude, none will deny.

The proud banner under which they rallied in defense of the noblest cause for which heroes fought, or trusting women prayed, has been furled forever. The country for which they suffered and died has now no name or place among the nations of the earth. Legislative enactments may not now be made to do honor to their memories--but the veriest Radical that ever traced his genealogy back to the deck of the Mayflower, could not deny us the simple privilege of paying honor to those who died defending the life, honor and happiness of the Southern Women.

A Southern Cemetery.

It is suggested by a Richmond paper that the "crater farm," where the celebrated "crater mine" was exploded before Petersburg, July 30th, be selected for a Southern cemetery, and that provision for this purpose be made by the different Southern States. The proprietor of the place says that the estate is so encumbered with Confederate dead that it is impossible to cultivate the soil without desecrating their remains. Latterly the negroes have been driving a brisk business in human bones from the battle-fields about Richmond, it is alleged, like the "bone fellows" recently arrested in the suburbs of Washington for stealing the skeletons of horses and cattle. A remunerative trade in leaden bullets dug from these fields has also been carried on, though the grounds are now well cleaned of this death harvest.

Jackson Equestrian Statue.

We learn from the Lexington Va. Gazette and Banner, that the contract made with Mr. Volk, the artist, for the execution of a Bronze Equestrian Statue of General T. J. Jackson has failed to be executed in consequence of inability on the part of the Committee of the Jackson Monument Association, to comply with the terms. Under these circumstances Mr. Volk addressed a communication to Major F. H. Williamson, of Lexington offering to complete the Statue for the County of Rockbridge for the sum of \$20,000. "The mould is now in his studio a Nuremberg ready for the founders. The Gazette and Banner urges the people of Rockbridge county to take the necessary steps immediately, to secure the completion of the work, and suggests a meeting of the citizens at the next term of the Circuit Court to see if the necessary means cannot be raised for the purpose.

## A Confiding Husband and Frail Wife.

A California paper relates a cool transaction, as follows:

R. S. Pitt, a man well known in the neighborhood of Howland Flat, and who has, for several years, been employed in the meat market at Potosi, closed out his business there a few months ago, and left for the East. He kindly consented to take under his protecting care the wife and child of an intimate friend, in whose house he had ever received a hearty welcome, as from a brother. The woman had left her father's home in Michigan, some three years ago, a blooming bride of nineteen, and she was anxious to exhibit to the grand-parents her beautiful babe. And so, with many affectionate tokens of true love, she bade the father of her babe good bye, and reluctantly placed herself under the unselfish care of her husband's friend. Time flies; and last week the Eastern mail brought the fond husband and father a letter from a Broadway hotel in New York.

Pitt writes: Friend F.: I concluded I could love M. better than you do, and she thinks so too, and we therefore concluded to get married, which we did.

And the pretty young wife writes: Dear F.: I hope you won't feel bad; but we thought it would be as well for you, and better for us, to get married.

And a New York daily announces the marriage, by the Rev. D. D. Porter, of R. S. Pitt to Mrs. M. M., all of California.

Sam Houston's Death.

An interesting article, on Sam Houston, in the April number of *Harpers Magazine* thus speaks of his death:

But if Houston's days were ended while adversity impended over his country and his house, he was not without hope in the great future, where the only war was punished by the expulsion of the great enemy of mankind and of peace. He died, as he had lived, a number of years, a Calvinistic Baptist, in full faith and fellowship with his Church. His last days were given to prayer for his distressed family and country, and in spiritual preparation, "while yet on the narrow strip of land which separates man from eternity." These were his own words. In the absence of a minister of his own denomination, for several weeks before his dissolution he had the consolation of a Presbyterian divine, with whom he had lately reconciled previous differences. In the same manner he forgave all his enemies, and died as none but a Christian can die.

He left a widow and seven children, no one of whom had obtained years of maturity. He had owned a few slaves. He no longer looked to them as a dependence after the first gun was fired. His hands are not available to his family. So that Houston died--as Benton said a public man ought to die--poor. He had married late. His widow is a sterling woman, who had greatly influenced and improved his later years. In his darkest hours she had been his best adviser.

Love.

We find the following tolerably clever description of Love in an old magazine:

Love is like the devil, because it torments us; like heaven because it wraps the soul in bliss; like salt, because it is relishing; like pepper, because it often sets us on fire; like sugar, because it is sweet; like a rope, because it is often the death of a man; like a prison, because it makes us miserable; like a man, because it is here to-day and gone to-morrow; like a woman, because there is no getting rid of it; like a beacon, because it guides one to the wished-for port; like a will-o'-the-wisp, because it often leads one into a bog; like a fierce rouser, because it often runs away with one; like a little pony, because it ambles nicely; like one; like the bite of a mad dog or the kiss of a pretty woman, because they both run us mad; like a goose, because it is silly; like a rabbit, because there is nothing like it; in a word, it is like a ghost, because it is like everything, and like nothing--often talked about, but never seen, touched or understood.

Mrs. PARRINGTON ON COSMETICS.

"That's a new article for beautifying the complexion," said Mr. Bbb, holding up a small bottle for Mrs. Parrington to look at.

She looked up from toiling out a woolen sock for Ike, and took the bottle in her hand.

"Is it indeed?" said she; "well they may get up ever so many nostrums for beautifying the complexion, but depend upon it the less people have to do with bottles for it the better. My neighbor, Mrs. Blotch, has been using a bottle a good many years for her complexion, and her nose looks like a rupture of Mount Vesuvius, with the burning fumes running all over the contiguous territory."

It is a fact not generally known, that the immortal Washington drew his last breath in the last day of the week, in the last month of the last year of the last century. He died Saturday night, 12 o'clock, December 31, 1799.

Turnips of small size have double the nutritious matter that larger ones have.

## A Dead Man Walks in at a Wake and Leaves his Widow a bag of Gold--Letter From a Man who Saw Him do it.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., March 7.--A startling affair you may say I am to describe, and I promise your readers to not only vouch for the truth of what I write myself, but will give the best reference in this city in addition "on call." A mechanic in this city, by the name of Orrin Elder, went to California in 1853, leaving a wife and two girls here. Upon arriving at California, he went to Shasta City, and after having mined for a year or so, became engaged in gambling, and was some time in the fall of 1860 killed in a drunken brawl in that place by a chemist, one George Edicott, since which time his memory and name had almost faded out of the remembrance of his acquaintances here. His wife, deserted by her husband, reduced to the most squalid poverty, for three years has made a living at the wash tub.

Last week (Thursday) her younger daughter, Janet, died, and a few friends gathered in to watch the corpse. There were in the party who sat up John C. Reeves, an engineer at a steam mill, Thomas Tanners, a brother of Mrs. Elder, Mrs. Shawmut and Mary Williams and myself. About ten o'clock in the evening, the doors and windows being all closed and shut, we were not only amazed, but stricken dumb by the appearance of Elder himself among us, in his palpable, earthly form, as when we knew him years ago. I tell it to you as it was, and if you wish to make this appear more readable, you can put the flourish and high sounding words to suit yourself. He deliberately walked to the coffin and placed upon it a bag of metallic substance, and as instantly disappeared. Common sense got the better of us after awhile, and upon opening the bag we found \$670 in ten dollar gold pieces, and a little scrap of paper with the words on it, "Restitution at last, Mary." The woman has a certificate for the money now on the First National Bank of this city. I took the editor of one of our city papers up to the house, called in all who had sat up, and after they had given in their testimony I declined doing anything about it, and said he would get the credit of being a fool for any labor in giving this story to his readers. As to the character I bear in this community, I would refer you to A. H. Connor, Esq., Postmaster, Joseph Lawson, Esq., Colonel Richard Ryan, Rev. J. B. Losier and Dr. Wagner.

Very Respectfully,  
WILBER C. MCINTIRE.

Sale of Fast Trotting Horses.

On Tuesday a week Mr. H. S. Hittner sold, at public auction, at his country seat, near Philadelphia, a number of fast trotting horses. The North American says:

A pair of trotters, graceful as gazelles, realized the sum of \$4,250. Another pair brought the even sum of \$3,000. A single horse was now put up. A more beautiful animal could not be desired. It was finally sold for the sum of \$4,750. Another animal was run up to \$4,800, but the reserve bid was \$6,000, and it was not sold. A roan mare, of illustrious pedigree and brilliant private achievements, brought \$7,250. A gray saddle horse brought \$1,450, and the remainder sold at sums ranging from \$1,000 to \$1,500.

Singing.

Singing is a great institution. It oils the wheels of care, and supplies the place of sunshine. A man who sings has a good heart. Such a man not only works willingly, but he works more constantly. A singing cobbler will earn as much money again as a cordonwainer who gives way to low spirits, and he who attacks singing throws a stone at the head of idleness, and would, if he could, rob June of its roses and August of its meadow larks. Such a man should be looked to.

The Golden Rule.

It is said of an Indian, that whenever he got into a bad place in a swamp where the ground was so soft for safety, he put up a stake to mark the place. Thus he not only avoided the danger himself, but kept others from falling into the same snare. Might not every christian learn a lesson from this rude son of the forest, not only to guard against his own false steps, but as he prays, "lead us not into temptation," to be careful to remove temptation out of his brother's path.

Some paper having made the statement that butter should not be kept in a room with kerosene oil, as the kerosene would spoil the butter--giving it a peculiar flavor--the *Elmira Advertiser* remarks that some of the butter nowadays is enough to spoil kerosene!

In a speech before the Democratic State Convention of Indiana the Hon. D. W. Voorhees remarked, in regard to his expulsion from Congress, that it reminded him to the society of gentlemen, and permitted him to choose his own company.

A Western paper suggests, as an improvement in Bibles, the preparation of a leaf or two in the family for divorce.